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HOW FISHER-FOLK MIGHT PROVIDE FOR A RAINY-DAY.

It has frequently been suggested in the newspapers, as well as by many benevolently-inclined persons, that our fishermen should be shown how to provide for the proverbial rainy-day, or at all events be advised to do so, either on some plan of their own, or by some scheme devised in their interest. In times of calamity, the public have always been ready to lend a helping hand to the fisher-folk, and especially to alleviate as much as possible such disasters as those of which we have had experience in Shetland and at Eyemouth. The thousands of pounds which have been subscribed by the public in aid of the widows and orphans during the last twelve months, bear eloquent testimony to the charitable feeling which these calamities call forth. Such collections, however, cannot, we fear, be so frequent in the future as they have been in the past. We have no desire to dam up the streams of benevolence; but there are persons who think the present an opportune time for impressing on our fisher-folk, that instead of depending in their hour of misfortune on outside aid, they would act a nobler part if they were to combine for the inauguration of a fund not only to replace their occasional losses of fishing-gear, but to provide also, by an Insurance Company of their own, in the event of death, for the widows and the fatherless. Occasional calamities—considering the hazardous nature of the occupation—must be looked for in the daily round of fisher-life; the total or partial loss of fishing-gear is frequent; the loss of life on a large scale happens less often, although a season seldom passes that we do not read of the wreck of one or more fishing-boats with the loss of their crews, adding, as a matter of course, to the already long list of storm-made widows and fatherless children.

At the present time, the fisher-people as a body seem badly prepared to cope with such misfortunes, although many of them are, as the saying

goes, 'well-to-do people.' In each little community of fisher-folk, there is usually a small fund available in times of necessity—it is 'the box' of the Friendly Society, which, when necessary, provides a sum for funeral expenses, and the requisite mourning clothes for wife and children; and though there are even certain local societies for insuring fishing gear, there is, so far as we know, no adequate organisation which is wealthy enough to replace lost boats, or to yield an annuity to women whose husbands have been drowned, or to provide for the upbringing and education of orphan children. When calamities of a serious nature occur in the ranks of the fisher-folk, there is at once an overflow of kindness, and many a small family has been divided among the community, so that their mother may be left free to win her daily bread by some kind of labour, such as the gathering of bait, the mending of nets, or the hawking of fish.

It is quite time, however, that a body of industrious people earning on occasions large sums of money, and always able to obtain a fair 'living' for themselves and families, should arrange some more systematic mode of relief in their times of pecuniary trouble, than what can be afforded by the funds of a Friendly Society. While we would not recommend the abolition of 'the box' for local aid in times of sickness and of death from natural causes, we desire to point out that to cover the distress arising out of great calamities like those of Shetland and Eyemouth, a general plan of aid or insurance, to be participated in by the whole fishery population of Scotland, would be necessary; no single fisher community, indeed, would be able to provide for such a calamity as would be implied by the wreck of a dozen of its boats, and the destruction of the valuable fishing-gear with which such vessels would be furnished. But what one community is quite unable to accomplish, the united funds of twenty or thirty could accomplish—would be ample enough, in fact, to replace the wreckage, and assuage the woes of the mourners so far as

that can be done by money. In other words, any scheme of fishing-boat insurance should be general, so that when a heavy calamity occurred, the assessment, divided, as it would be, over the whole population, might be so light as scarcely to be felt.

But how, it will be asked, is this to be done? It is of course the work of an actuary to devise plans of assurance; but there are certain data available to all who take an interest in the question, that are worth examining in connection with the inception of any scheme that may be proposed. A glance, for instance, at one of the official fishery Reports—say that for 1878—shows us that there were in that year fourteen thousand four hundred and thirty-one fishing-boats in use in Scotland, and that these were manned by forty-six thousand five hundred and twenty-nine fishermen and boys. We have no particular reason for taking the year 1878, except that it may be held as being a fairly representative year; but no matter what year may be selected, the principle to be advocated will be the same; all we desire is, to have a few reliable statistics to build upon. Taking it for granted that there are at least forty-eight thousand persons who have a direct interest in providing for a rainy-day in connection with the Scottish fisheries, it is desirable to show, by way of an introduction to our financial exposition, 'the power of littles.' A penny from each person engaged in the fishery business, paid every week—in other words, forty-eight thousand pence—would amount to two hundred pounds; or in the year, to ten thousand four hundred pounds—a sum which would be sufficiently ample to provide twenty-five or twenty-eight fishing-boats suitable for 'the herring,' with a full complement of netting and other gear. As the loss of these boats, on the average, is not nearly so great as has been indicated, it becomes at once apparent that by means of such a subscription as has been suggested, a fund of the most ample kind would speedily be accumulated, so that no appeals of a charitable order would be necessary in time to come. There would, of course, be the expenses of collection and administration to be provided for; but these need not be heavy; some member of each fishing community could make the weekly collection, and send it to a central office. Many fishing-boats and suites of nets are more valuable than others; but such might be provided for by a slight increase of the assessment. Taking the boats all over, however, they might probably be valued, along with their netting, at three hundred pounds each. They could, if needful, easily be divided into classes, as we daresay some of them will not probably be of more than half the value we have indicated, whilst some of the decked vessels will have cost more than double the money. In course of time, the small sum indicated would swell to a large amount, and afford a good allowance to widows and children, because not more, on the average, than perhaps six boats would be lost in the course of the year.

There is another way of solving the question of how the fisher-folk might provide for a rainy-day. Taking the herring-fishery as the typical fishery of Scotland, an industry at which, during some portion of the year, every unit of the fishery

population assists, we may state that the value to the fishermen of the herrings which they capture can scarcely be less than two millions of pounds sterling per annum.* A million barrels at least are cured, and large quantities of herring are caught in addition, and sold fresh. Accepting the value of the fish to their captors as being two millions sterling—a barrel, it may be stated, contains about seven hundred and fifty fish, and these, at the price of a half-penny each, come to a sum of thirty-one shillings and threepence; so that the figure we have given is by no means an exaggeration—is it too much to ask of the fishermen that they should devote a sixpence of the price obtained for each barrel to insurance of boats and lives? How much do a million sixpences come to? A million sixpences amount to the very handsome total of twenty-five thousand pounds; a far larger sum than would, one year with another, be required; so that, to all appearance, an assessment of threepence, or at the most fourpence, per barrel on the cured fish alone would yield all that is necessary to replace boats and fishing-gear in times of adversity. The Scottish Fishery Board—the usefulness of which is sometimes called in question both in parliament and elsewhere—might be intrusted with the collection of the money. The Board has already in active work an organisation for collecting the fees on every barrel of herrings that is branded; it would not be difficult, therefore, for the officers of the Board to collect whatever sum may be agreed upon from the fishermen.

We will, of course, be met, in making such a suggestion, by the usual official answer, that the Board has not the power to do so, and so forth; but we presume the power could be easily obtained, or in any case, suitable machinery be called into requisition. In Ireland, the fishery inspectors carry on similar work; they have administered with great success, for some years past, a Loan Fund authorised by government for the benefit of the Irish fisher-people; and the kind of work which an Irish inspector can do, should not be difficult for a Scottish Fishery officer to accomplish.

Other ways of teaching the fisher-folk to be provident, and in particular to provide for that day of calamity which is sure, sooner or later, to come upon all fishing communities, might easily be suggested, as, for instance, a tax in the shape of a license to fish; a payment of five shillings per annum could be easily met by all engaged in the fisheries; and such a sum, collected from forty thousand persons, would produce ten thousand a year, which, as has already been remarked, would be ample enough to meet all probable demands. There can be no doubt, despite of the oft-quoted remark, 'the fishery is just a lottery,' that the fisher-people year by year earn very fair incomes. It has been recorded in the newspapers, for instance, just as we are writing, that the Fife herring-boats have returned from the annual fishery at Yarmouth with an average profit, for their seven weeks' labour, of three hundred pounds! As has been stated, the Scottish herring-fishery, lasting for

* The Scottish fisheries, all told, are worth close upon three millions sterling.

several months, yields two millions sterling; and it is not fair that persons who are earning so much money, should periodically become a burden on the general community whenever they are overtaken by disaster to their boats, or calamity to their men. As we have endeavoured to show in the foregoing remarks, the fishermen are not destitute of means whereby to provide for a rainy-day, and we would strongly urge them at once to do so.

VALENTINE STRANGE.

A STORY OF THE PRIMROSE WAY.

CHAPTER V.—'YOU WERE TIRED OF ME, AND WISHED ME DEAD.'

It was a settled creed with the employés of the firm that the house of Lumby and Lumby was to go on for ever. The younger hands and heads whose owners discharged subordinate duties, figured and thought in lines of routine so fixed and settled—in office hours—by the inexorable Garling, that all chances of mutation seemed far away. And Mr Garling himself had so long been a part of the house, that to him the house might well seem fixed and solid as the hills. Mr Garling, though under fifty, was an old-world man to look at. He wore high collars of the fashion of a score of years ago, and a black satin stock of equal date; and he carried his watch in a fob, with a bunch of seals dangling from it, as gentlemen in the City had done in his boyhood, if ever Garling had been a boy—which seemed doubtful. For thirty years and more, his respectable, square-toed boots had worn the stones between his rooms in Fleet Street and the Gresham Street threshold of the house of Lumby and Lumby.

Mr Garling's father had practised the hair-dresser's art in Fleet Street. There was still a hair-dresser in the old house, and Garling went on living there. For thirty years he had been a familiar figure at Lumby and Lumby's, and yet a figure with whose inner personality no man had ever been familiar. We all go shrouded more or less, and nobody knows much about the most communicative of us. But Garling had been self-contained in his school-days; and in manhood his self-containment grew to look like secrecy; and with approaching age, his secrecy grew more profound. He never spoke to anybody when he could help it; and when compelled to speak, he said as little as possible. No one ever fancied that Garling had more than other people to conceal. 'It was Garling's way' to be close; it was Garling's way to take snuff secretly, as though he hoped to find in it some ground for an indictment against his tobacco-merchant; it was his way to hang above his ledger secretly, as though it contained mysteries; it was his way to secrete himself within himself as he walked the very streets, as though he were a suspicious circumstance, and his being there a thing unauthorised; it was his way to dine in a secret corner in a secret chop-house in a secret court, as though his meals were conspiracies in imminent danger of detection. All these were Garling's ways, and were openly canvassed and laughed at as eccentric—in Garling's absence—by the most junior of the junior clerks.

If Garling had relatives, he kept them secret, like himself. There was a general impression that he was rich; and that indeed seemed like enough, he earned so much and spent so little. The house was wealthy, and disposed to be generous where it trusted; and it had trusted Garling now for nearly twenty years implicitly, and had had its trust rewarded. How many nights had he sat at his desk poring above vast ledgers when the offices were silent? How many hours of voluntary time had he thrown into Time's gulf at home in his own rooms, sitting immersed in figures, with shaggy black brows drawn downwards, making secrets of his eyes, as great schemes for the benefit of the house simmered behind his bulbous, wrinkled forehead? No man could tell, and Garling never told. He was a very jewel of a servant. Under his fostering care, the great house grew greater, and its solid foundations stretched out farther and farther, and its wide arms, like those of Briareus, reached forth a hundred ways at once, and drew in money. People who were unfitted to understand Garling's character, set it down as a thing not to be doubted that he himself profited directly by the extension of the firm's business—that he had a fixed share in the profits, or a commission on the increase of sound business done; and these commonplace men pooh-poohed the idea of such engrossing and unselfish enthusiasm as other men believed in. But Mr Lumby himself was wont to say that Garling's financial genius was wasted on the petty concerns of a mere business firm, and that he ought to have been perpetual Chancellor of the Imperial Exchequer. He said often that Garling's genius for figures was just as lofty as Mozart's genius for music, or Shakespeare's for play-writing, and that it would be satisfied, even if he took to logarithms for pastime.

And so under Garling's management the house of Lumby and Lumby solidly thrived and grew, and Garling kept himself a secret.

Living as he did at a total outlay of not more than two hundred pounds per annum, it was not a thing to be surprised at that Garling had a solid balance at his bankers'. Nor was it in the least a thing to wonder at that he should invest his money on his own account, or that, when he had drawn a large cheque, he should invariably pay in a larger a short time afterwards. The balance in this way grew more than respectable, and Garling bought shares and sold, and always profited. His bankers had a high respect for him. Everybody respected him. A man who does his duty in a fashion so exemplary, and who makes money also on his own account, is bound to be respected.

On a certain evening in late summer Mr Garling sat at his own office-room with a ponderous tome before him containing many columns of straight-ruled figures. The house was quiet, the street was quiet, the gas made a little singing noise which in the stillness was clearly audible. There was yet a tranquil light outside; but the chief cashier's office was always dull, and he burned gas there nearly all day long. Everybody else had gone home an hour ago, save the night-watchman, who slept on the premises, and he had but newly arrived. In a distant part of London, a lanky, dusty, wayworn figure was at that moment

walking from street to street on the lookout for lodgings. The lanky figure was on its way to take part in that little story to which the cashier belonged; but neither Mr Garling nor Hiram Search was likely to guess as much. Can you, reader, guess who is coming to you out of to-morrow—out of next year—out of any cranny in the vast gulf of Time and Circumstance, to blend a life with yours?

Hiram strolled on three miles away, and the cashier meditated. The bushy black brows, drawn and making secrets of his eyes, were for once unburdened with arithmetic. As he sat with arms folded, head bent, back bowed, and feet depending straight downwards from his knees, he looked, taken in profile, like a human note of interrogation. Set after what secret question?

Coming slowly out of the maze of his own thoughts, he drew a letter from his pocket and read it through. It was addressed to 'E. Martial, Esq.,' under the care of that hair-dresser above whose shop Mr Garling had residential chambers; and it was written in a woman's hand.

'I will not approach you,' so the letter ran, 'with any attempt to remind you of the affection which you professed so many years ago. That I relied upon it, and that you played me false, is all I care for you to remember now. But I will have justice done to Mary. I have besought you long enough, and I do not wish to threaten even now. But I am not the less resolved, and what I can do for my daughter shall be done.'

This epistle bore no date or name of place, no preface of any sort, and had no signature; but Mr Garling had no doubt about the writer or the place of her abode. He read the letter once or twice, frowning more and more heavily, and then having folded it and restored it to his pocket, he closed the ponderous tome before him, took down his hat from a peg above his head, turned out the gas, and left the room, locking the door behind him—all in a slow, deliberate customary way. Lumby and Lumby's central offices were not without a suspicion of dry-rot in their musty atmosphere; but the cashier drew in the air in the corridor, as though it refreshed him after the close heat of his own room; and making his way with the sure step of custom down the dusky stairs, he nodded gravely, in answer to the watchman's parting salutation, and came upon the street. Quitting Gresham Street he reached Cheapside, turned his back upon St Paul's, and walked towards the Exchange, and voicelessly hailing a passing omnibus, rode on to Whitechapel, and alighted at a street corner. He walked slowly down the by-street, and then turned right and left, and right and left again. He paused before a dingy door in a street of excessive shabbiness, and knocked. Looking upwards through the dusk whilst he waited a response, he could just read the inscription on a card in the fanlight, 'Furnished Room for a Single Gentleman.' The door was opened by a girl with a face of fragile beauty. She was poorly but neatly dressed, and had a pretty figure, too slender and delicate for health. He stood so long regarding her in silence, that after asking his business and receiving no answer, she shrank back to close the door; but he raised a hand as if to forbid her and asked drily: 'Your mother is in?'

'Yes, sir,' answered the girl.

'Show me to her,' he said quietly, and entered.

'What name shall I say?' she asked timidly, as if afraid of him.

'Never mind the name,' he responded. 'Show me to her.'

She stood irresolute; but he stepped beyond her and tapped with his knuckles at a door leading from the narrow hall, and a thin voice crying, 'Come in,' he entered. The girl followed him, and stood in the doorway. Seated in an armchair beyond the fireplace was a woman, whose likeness to the girl was so strong as to betray their relationship at once. The room was bare and shabby, and was littered with odds and ends of cloth. A pile of loose folds of cloth lay upon the central table, and a piece of cloth trailed from the woman's lap upon the hearthrug. She had been busy sewing, and the needle was arrested at the thread's length, and stayed there when the cashier entered.

'You did not expect that I should be so punctual,' he said. His voice was stiff and measured, and his manner cold.

'No,' she answered him, speaking with evident effort.

He removed his hat, and took a chair; and turning his face slowly towards the girl, he signed to her to leave the room. She obeyed with a look of some bewilderment. When she had gone, he drew the chair a little nearer to the empty fireplace, and throwing one leg over the other, sat in silence. The woman looked at him helplessly, as if expecting him to speak first; but he surveyed her quietly from beneath bent brows of habitual calculation, and said nothing. But for the wrinkles which many hours of business-plotting had left upon it, his face was almost expressionless, and he sat so still that he might have been a statue. The woman, confronting him with uncertain glances, never long continued, still held the needle at the thread's length, and when her eyes had sought his half-a-dozen times, and each time had drooped again, the shadow of a smile flitted across his face and died away.

'You received my letter?' she said at length when the silence had grown unbearable. He nodded in quiet affirmation. 'Why are you here?' she asked after a long pause.

'To answer it,' he returned.

She looked at him again, and could read neither threat nor promise in his impassive face. 'How?' she asked.

'In this way,' responded the cashier, uncrossing his legs and leaning forward. 'By saying briefly and once for all, that I will take my way, and that you may take yours, as you chose to take it long ago.'

'As I chose to take it?' she asked in a voice of amazement.

'By telling you once for all that I will listen to no entreaties; that I will not be moved by any threats; that I am neither to be cajoled nor shaken.' He fell back into his chair, crossed his legs again, and regarded her fixedly once more. She made no answer; but sitting with her hands lying loosely in her lap, she looked the picture of helplessness and despair. After a long pause, he arose, took his hat, and

made a movement to the door. With a suddenness that made him start backward, she swept across the room and stood before him.

'You shall not go!' she cried, wringing her hands, as though they wrestled with each other, and each had much ado to keep the other down. He looked at her darkly and coldly, and after that one backward movement, stood stock still, without a word. 'I *will* have justice,' she said wildly and rapidly. 'You shall not leave your wife and child to starve and drudge year after year, whilst you heap up money for no reason.' He kept his eyes upon her face, and made no answer. 'Are you made of stone?' she cried. 'How long have I suffered? How long am I to suffer? Are we to live here till we die?'

'Live where you please,' he answered, and made a movement to the door; but she confronted him still.

'What wrong did I ever do you, that you treat me so?' she moaned.

'Still playing at innocence!' he sneered drily.

'Playing at innocence?' Something of his own look darkened on her face. 'I have never needed to play at innocence; but you have played at suspicion for your own wicked purposes. You were tired of me, and wished me dead.'

'Devoutly,' he interjected, with no touch of anger or of satire in his tone. There might have been a cruel humour in the word, but neither face nor voice bore sign of it.

'And so,' she went on, 'you pretended to suspect me, and forged a chain of lies about my steps, and hemmed me in, and bound me down with them.'

'Why did you leave me?' he demanded in the same dry tones.

'There is no one here, Edward,' she answered with a weary bitterness. 'You cannot justify yourself to yourself, or to me, and there is no listener here to play a part to.'

'Why did you leave me?' he asked again, in tones a ghost might have used, they were so passionless beside her anger, her weariness, and her despair.

'You drove me from your house with threats.'

'Of what? Of exposure, shall we say?' She moved her head from side to side in a very rage of helplessness. 'You left me, under what circumstances you remember. I offered to support your child, even then. I made you such provision as my means allowed.' She did not know that his salary at that time had been eight hundred pounds a year; but she remembered that the allowance thus recalled to mind had been one of ten shillings a week. 'Why did I withdraw that allowance?'

'Because,' she cried, 'you knew I had lived apart from you long enough to compromise myself if I should endeavour to make good a legal claim against you. Because you knew I loved my own fair fame too well to have it smeared by my husband's public perjuries. Because I was altogether helpless and in your power.'

'We have lived apart still longer now,' he answered coldly. 'I trust you love your fair fame as well as ever.' The taunt so wrung her that she moaned aloud. 'Are you less helpless now?' She made no reply, and he

repeated his question: 'Are you less helpless now?'

'I am as helpless,' she responded then, weaving her thin fingers together and dragging them apart, 'as any creature in the world.'

'So I believe,' he said—'so I believe.' Saying this, he took snuff, turning a little apart from her in his secret way, but keeping his hard eyes upon her sideways. In spite of the customary mask of no expression which he had made it the business of his life to wear, there was a look of cruel triumph in his face as he regarded her. The business-like acquiescence of his tone so cut the woman to the quick, that she cast her hands wildly upwards, as if appealing to Heaven against him, and burst into a tempest of tears. 'And so,' he said, taking snuff again, 'our interview closes as all our interviews used to close.'

There is a cement which is hardened by contact with water. Garling might have been made of it, so little effect had tears upon him. He brushed his hat upon his sleeve, and cast an uninterested look about the room. Then with a calm 'Good-evening,' he left the apartment, closing the door behind him, and having reached the street, walked back to the main road, hailed a passing omnibus, and sat secretly in one corner of it until within thirty yards of his own door, at which time a disaster, already recorded, befell the conductor. It has been mentioned that one or two of the passengers chose to profit by the opportunity thus afforded for the exercise of the virtue called economy. Garling was one of them. Twopence saved was twopence gained, to Garling. He saw the injured man driven away—for, secret as he was, he felt an interest in the events of the day, like other people—and then let himself in by his latchkey, and went up-stairs to his own chambers.

Arrived there, he lit his lamp, placed it on a large circular table in the middle of the room, and unlocking a safe, drew from it a ledger, certain pages of which he studied with deep interest. It was after midnight when he locked the ledger up again, and paced once or twice along the room with his hands behind him.

'It is almost time,' he thought, 'that the decisive step should be taken. Almost time! But I have not had patience for so many years, to be precipitate now.' He took up his lamp, and retired to his bedroom, where he began to undress. Suddenly he drew himself bolt upright, and sounded his chest with his knuckles, bending his head to listen at each tap. 'Why, you are sound enough,' he said aloud, 'to live till ninety.' Then he drew the lamp to the side of a looking-glass, and steadfastly regarded his features. He was not a handsome man, and never had been, and from the strange contortions he made before the mirror, he did not seem to be engaged in any search for facial beauties now. 'You look hardy and robust, my friend,' he said, speaking aloud again; 'but you may be unsound somewhere for all that. Consult a doctor, my friend—consult a doctor.' He sat for a minute or two, nodding absently at his own reflection in the mirror, and inwardly repeating this fragment of advice. Then he arose, finished his disrobing, turned down the lamp, and went to bed. No compunction for the widowed wife disturbed his dreams. It was natural, perhaps,

that Garling, who lived so much among it, should dream of money. Natural or not, he dreamed of it; dreamed of it in orderly piles of glittering rouleaux, in stacks of crisp bank-notes, in shelving heaps of wonderful broad pieces, looking as if—as in Chaucer's story—a cart of gold had overturned its load. No man is responsible for his dreams, and if Garling in his visions knew that all this money was not his, and yet counted it over and hugged it and rolled in it and meant to keep it, that fact surely left no tarnish on the bright honesty of his waking hours. Garling had had millions through his hands, and his books had never once been out by so much as a halfpenny.

His dreams caused him no uneasiness when he awoke and remembered them; but before dressing, he went through the singular pantomime of the evening with some extensions, tapping and sounding himself all over the body, and listening with great intentness. 'You are sound enough,' he said at the close of this examination, 'to live to be a hundred!' He dressed, as he always dressed, with scrupulous neatness, breakfasted at his customary coffee-house, and walked solemnly to business. At mid-day he took a cab—to the complete amazement of the messenger seated in the hall. The messenger had known him for a score of years, and had never seen him do such a thing before. The cab bore Garling to the residence of a well-known physician, who—the stream of morning patients having run dry—was in the act of buttoning his gloves in the hall, preparatory to a drive to such patients as could not visit him.

'I can give you five minutes,' said the man of science. Mr Garling nodded, to signify that that would serve his turn, and followed into the consulting-room.

'I want to know,' said the cashier, 'how long I may reasonably hope to live.' The physician opened his eyes gently, and raised his eyebrows with something of an air of protest. 'I am a lonely man,' said Mr Garling. 'If I sink all I have in an annuity calculated for twenty years, am I likely to see the limit of the time, or ought I to make the calculation briefer?'

The physician went to work. He pressed Garling here. Did that hurt him?—Not a bit.—He pressed him there. Did that hurt him?—Not at all.—He listened to his breathing—he listened to the beating of his heart—he asked half-a-dozen direct and simple questions.

'You are as sound as a roach,' said the physician. 'There is nothing less certain than the duration of life; but there is every chance that old age may square accounts with you.'

'My life,' said Garling questioningly, 'is worth more than twenty years.'

'In all probability—yes,' said the physician. 'There is a long chapter of accidents, and no man can be sure.'

'Of course not,' responded Garling; and paying his fee, he buttoned up his coat and went by cab to his chop-house, returning to business afoot at the usual hour.

He sat late at the offices that night, with the big ledger before him. His elbows rested on its leaves, and his hands made blinkers for his eyes, and kept his face a secret. And his dreams of last night were with him, and waking

dreams of power and luxury that went beyond them.

'Twenty years to live it out in,' said Garling, in an almost voiceless whisper—'twenty years!'

NEWGATE PAST AND PRESENT.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

AMONG the many landmarks of the City of London which the tide of improvement is slowly but surely sweeping away, will shortly be numbered the ancient prison of Newgate. In the course of a few months, or even weeks, we may expect to see the machinery of destruction set in motion; a new site will be chosen, a new jail, replete with the most modern contrivances for the safeguard and the welfare of its inmates, will be erected; and nothing will survive but the name, and the associations inseparable from the name, of the dread City prison.

Antiquaries differ as to the period at which Newgate was first used as a place of confinement for malefactors. The Gate itself was probably built in the reign either of Henry I. or Stephen, when the rebuilding of St Paul's Cathedral, during the episcopate of Mauricius the first Norman Bishop of London, and the consequent stoppage of traffic through the adjacent Ludgate, rendered it necessary to open a new outlet through the City walls in that neighbourhood. But it is further suggested that the New Gate so built was no more than the successor of a still more ancient portal; since traces of a Roman road have been found, leading apparently directly beneath the site; and some authorities claim the position as the site of the original Chamberlain's Gate, no vestiges of which have been discovered elsewhere.

The New Gate spanned the western end of what is now Newgate Street, and was flanked by stone towers, the dungeons beneath which are known to have been used for the detention of prisoners as early as the reign of John, an order having been issued to the City authorities, in the third year of the reign of his successor Henry III., instructing them to put 'the Prison of Newgate' in proper repair, the king undertaking to reimburse the City Treasury for the necessary expenditure. The use of Newgate as the State prison in those days is evidenced by the record of the imprisonment and death in its dungeons of Robert de Baldock, High Chancellor to Edward III.

Curious notes in the City Records show that the spiritual and bodily needs of the inmates were objects of care both to the authorities and to private benefactors. In 1382, for instance, the chaplain of the prison, dying, left his Service-book to the jail of Newgate, 'in order that Priests and Clerks there imprisoned might say their Service from the same: there to remain so long as it might last.' Again, in 1316, the halfpenny loaf of light bread of Agnes Foting of Stratford being found wanting in weight, it was therefore adjudged that her bread should be forfeited, and given to the prisoners of Newgate. Other offences of a similar kind on the part of bakers and dealers in bread were visited by similar forfeiture of the bread, for behoof of the Newgate prisoners.

The cordial reception given by the citizens of London to Henry of Lancaster, on his arrival in

England in 1399, led him, in the following year, when he had established himself on the throne, to reward their loyalty by making a present of Newgate to the City; and from that time it has always been the common jail of the City of London and county of Middlesex. But it still continued to be used as a place of confinement for State prisoners for upwards of half a century; and in 1457, Lord Egremond and Sir Richard Percy, being in custody there for taking part in a disturbance in the North, made their escape in the night, and went to petition the king for a remission of their sentences. Their fellow-prisoners meanwhile took possession of the walls of the jail, and defended themselves so stoutly, that the sheriffs were forced to call for the aid of the citizens, before order could be restored and their rebellious charges put in irons. This was, however, no longer the original Newgate, that structure having been destroyed by the followers of Wat Tyler in 1381, and its successor pulled down and rebuilt in 1412, by the executors of the famous Lord Mayor, Sir Richard Whittington.

Until 1783, Tyburn—a few miles to the west of Newgate, and nowadays a fashionable quarter of London—was the scene of the execution of such prisoners as were convicted of any of the numerous crimes for which capital punishment was awarded; and the unhappy wretch who was sentenced to death had to endure the horrible ordeal of a journey, either on a hurdle or in an open cart, from the jail to the place of his death, amid the jeers, or the still more disgusting plaudits of the mob, who made such spectacles an occasion for a holiday. Tyburn was in early days a remote village, taking its name from the Ty-bourn, a stream of great repute among followers of the 'gentle craft,' and had been the scene of public execution as early as the twelfth century, when the celebrated 'Longbeard' suffered the penalty of his insurrection against the exactions of Richard I. Here, too, Roger Mortimer, Perkin Warbeck, and the unfortunate 'Holy Maid of Kent,' underwent the last sentence of the law; and, in more modern times, the triangular gibbet of Tyburn was decorated with the disinterred bodies of Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, whose headless remains were afterwards buried at its foot. The journey of the condemned felon was rendered the more hideous by the presence at his side of the public executioner, attired in the horrible costume of his office; while on his other side the chaplain of the jail made, or was supposed to make, a last effort to direct the thoughts of the doomed man to religion.

In order to impress the necessity for repentance more deeply on the convict's mind, and to induce the spectators to unite their prayers with his, a pious citizen, named Robert Dow, bequeathed, in 1612, the annual sum of twenty-six shillings and eightpence for ever, that a bellman should deliver from the wall of St Sepulchre's Church, opposite the jail, a Pious Admonition as the criminal passed on his way to Tyburn, and another on the previous night within the prison walls. The latter ran as follows:

'You prisoners that are within,
Who, for wickedness and sin,

'after many mercies shown you, are appointed

to die to-morrow in the forenoon, give ear and understand, that to-morrow morning the greatest bell of St Sepulchre's Church shall toll for you, in form and manner of a passing-bell, as used to be tolled for those that are at the point of death; to the end that all godly people, hearing that bell, and knowing that it is for you going to your deaths, may be stirred up to pray to God heartily to bestow His grace and mercy on you whilst you live,' &c. Many other legacies left from time to time by the charitable, for the benefit of the inmates of Newgate, are described in the interesting Report on the condition of the prison, written in 1784 by John Howard the philanthropist.

After undergoing repairs on one or two occasions, the old Gate House suffered considerable damage in the Great Fire of 1666; and the restoration, which almost amounted to the entire rebuilding of the jail, was intrusted to Wren, whose erection was at once so elaborate and so plain as to excite the ire of the antiquary Ralph, who writes of it: 'Newgate, considered as a prison, is a structure of more cost and beauty than was necessary; because the sumptuousness of the outside but aggravates the misery of the wretches within; but as a gate to such a city as London, it might have received considerable additions both of design and execution, and abundantly answer the cost in the reputation of the building.'

Its ornamental features are thus described in Stow's *Survey of London*: 'The ornaments on this gate are, on the west side, three ranges of pilasters, and their entablatures of the Tuscan order; over the lowest is a circular pediment, and above that the King's Arms. The other intercolumns are four niches, replenished with as many stone figures, well carved, in full proportion; one of which, representing Liberty, has carved on her hat the word *Libertas*; and the figure of a cat lying at her feet, alluding to a noted story of the former founder of this gate, Sir Richard Whittington, who is said to have made the first step to his good fortune by the assistance of a cat. The east side is adorned likewise with a range of pilasters; and in three niches are the figures of Justice, Mercy, and Truth, with this inscription under them: "The repairing of this part of Newgate was begun in the Mayoralty of Sir James Campbell, in 1630, and finished in that of Sir Robert Drury, in 1631; but having been damaged by the Fire of London, was again repaired during the Mayoralty of Sir George Waterman, in 1672." The companion-figures to the somewhat incongruous 'Liberty' on the western face were Peace, Plenty, and Concord; and four of these figures still adorn the front of the present jail.

'Old Newgate,' as the jail of 1672 is usually called, consisted of three distinct prisons—the Master's Side, Common Side, and Press Yard. The first was occupied by debtors whose means enabled them to pay fixed rents for their accommodation, in addition to the fees, which, under the names of 'footing,' 'garnish,' and 'chummage,' were demanded by the turnkeys or by their fellow-prisoners. On the arrival of a new-comer, his companions intimated their willingness to 'drink his health;' a process for which two 'taps,' one on the Common Side, the other in the Lodge,

offered ample facility. Should the new arrival be either unable or unwilling to pay the 'footing' thus demanded, he was required to sacrifice a part of his scanty wardrobe for the purpose; and his fellow-prisoners were not slow to enforce the rule, if their victim hesitated to comply. 'Garnish' was a payment openly extorted by the keepers of the jail as a species of entrance-fee, under the pretence of supplying extra comforts for the prisoner; while 'chummage' is a term the meaning of which seems to have differed in different jails. On the authority of the *Slang Dictionary*, we learn that 'chumming-up' was 'an old custom among prisoners, before the present regulations were in vogue; when a fresh man was admitted to their number, rough music was made with pokers, tongs, sticks, and saucepans; and for this ovation the initiated prisoner had to pay half a crown.'

The Common Side was, as its name implies, occupied in common by the poorer debtors and all classes of evil-doers, the mischief arising from this indiscriminate herding together of innocent and guilty being almost incalculable. The Press Yard was set apart for political offenders, and a few of the wealthier debtors whose purses would permit of their paying extortionate fees, as well as a heavy premium, for the comparative privacy it afforded. These were the three principal divisions of the jail, each of which was again subdivided into wards and holds; while the Gate House itself contained a separate place of confinement, known as the Stone Ward, appropriated to master-debtors, and the Stone Hall in which the prisoners took exercise, and where the irons were struck off the condemned before proceeding to Tyburn. Within the Stone Hall was a chamber called the Iron Hold, used as a repository of fetters, handcuffs, &c., and placed in charge of four of the prisoners, who were known as the Partners, and were invested with some degree of authority over their fellows.

North of the Hall lay one of the most horrible apartments in the prison, known as Jack Ketch's Kitchen, fitted with furnaces and boilers, for the purpose of boiling the heads and limbs of executed criminals in a preparation of oil and pitch, previous to their exhibition on Temple Bar and other public places of the City. Female felons occupied separate wards, named Waterman's Hall and My Lady's Hold; and debtors of the fair sex were accommodated in a room above the Kitchen. Two Condemned Holds, one for each sex, which were also used by the turnkeys for the temporary correction of such of their charges as grew refractory under their exactions; the Press Room, an apartment in which torture was inflicted in order to compel the accused to plead; the Chapel; and the houses of the governor and keepers, may be roughly said to have completed the interior arrangements of the prison.

The hero of Ainsworth's novel *Jack Sheppard*, to which we are indebted for some of the above details, was an occupant of Newgate on four or five occasions, and thrice succeeded in eluding the vigilance of the warders, and making good his escape, the third exploit being of a marvelously daring and ingenious character. His ingenuity, however, availed him but little, for he was speedily recaptured, and paid the penalty

of his numerous crimes at Tyburn in 1724. In addition to Mr Ainsworth's romance, the career of his notorious hero formed the subject of a farce, and even of an opera; while, in a very different class of literature, Jack Sheppard once figured as the text, or at least the subject, of a memorable sermon, in which the preacher, after giving a vivid narrative of the last of his escapes, exhorted his hearers to emulate, in their efforts to cast off the trammels of sin, the determined energy and perseverance shown by Mr Sheppard in defying the fetters and locks of Newgate.

Another familiar name in the annals of Old Newgate is that of Dr Dodd, the once popular London preacher, who, failing to obtain a sufficient income to gratify his extravagant tastes, either in that capacity or as a royal chaplain, or as tutor and chaplain to the Earl of Chesterfield, finally forged his patron's name upon a bill for a large amount; and was detected, tried, condemned, and executed at Tyburn 1777, leaving behind him a work called *Thoughts in Prison*, as a memorial of his residence in Newgate, and a contribution to the curious prison literature which owes its origin to the jail. The Doctor's last piece of pulpit oratory was his own funeral sermon, which he was permitted to preach in the prison chapel before his execution.

THE RUINED GRAVE.

A STORY OF THE AFGHAN FRONTIER.*

FROM the little town of Attock, on the river Indus, the grand trunk road runs in a westerly direction till it reaches Peshawur, the entire distance being about forty miles. Midway between these two is the small military cantonment of Nowshera, where the principal scene of this story was enacted.

Approaching Nowshera from the eastward, it was to be observed that the station was built for the most part on the south or left side of the road; fronting which, were the bungalows of the officers and the various mess-houses. Beyond these, and still on the left, were the lines of two native regiments—one infantry, the other cavalry—and the barracks of a British battalion of foot. Beyond these, again, stretched the parade-grounds of the different corps; while in the far distance rose the Cherāt Hills, which had lately been pressed into service as a sanatorium for the Peshawur Valley.

It was a bright December morning at Nowshera; the air was crisp and exhilarating; for the sun had not as yet risen far above the horizon, and his level beams fell with pleasant and picturesque effect on the quaint-looking, white-washed bungalows, and upon the tall trees that stood beside them. On the right of the main road, the houses were comparatively few; for the ground on this side was a good deal lower than on the other. It was, however, much more thickly sprinkled with clusters of well-grown trees, probably because the Caubul River flowed not many hundred yards away, looking like a broad dull stream of quicksilver, save occasionally when

* The main incidents of this tale are true. The story has appeared elsewhere in outline, but imperfect as to certain important features.

the sunbeams caught its eddying ripples, when it seemed as if a myriad of glittering fireflies had suddenly been born on its lustreless bosom.

Over the lower ground just described, three officers were passing. They were young, and belonged to the native cavalry regiment which had but lately arrived at Nowshera on relief. At the present moment they were in search of a site for a bungalow which they intended building; for, as has already been stated, the station was a small one, and no suitable house was available. As with this object they sauntered onwards, casting their glances hither and thither, a tall ascetic-looking Afghan crossed obliquely, but a little behind them, the path they were traversing, and in the act of passing, his long, lean shadow fell darkly and ominously over each of the three in succession. But they heeded not, and strolled on conversing gaily.

'We must have our house up before the hot weather commences,' said Robert Strong, the squadron subaltern. 'Imagine passing a June in tents in the Peshawur Valley, where the heat of the sun is enough to broil every living thing!'

'All the more reason,' replied Captain Henderson, 'that you should be grateful to a beneficent government for supplying the wherewithal to put a roof over your head.'

'But how about the monthly instalments which the said government will carefully deduct from my pay till the loan is covered?' answered the sub. 'Besides, what with clippings for mess-bill, funds, &c., the miserably attenuated balance I shall receive will be positively insulting.'

'Since the insult is likely to be so very small, I'd overlook it altogether, and take it calmly, if I were you,' said Henderson, laughing.—'But, Farmer,' he continued, turning to the surgeon of the regiment, who was on the other side of him, 'I understood it was your opinion that the ground about here was too low and unhealthy for our purpose?'

'So it is,' replied Dr Farmer; 'and unless we can find a hillock or mound above the ordinary level of its surface, I fear we shall have to choose a site on the south side, which, as you are aware, will be inconveniently far from our lines and mess-house.—But hullo! look there;' pointing with his finger; 'that knoll to our left front seems the very thing.'

The spot referred to was a hillock a short distance ahead, that rose somewhat abruptly out of the ground on the side from which they were approaching, but which in the opposite direction sloped away very gradually.

Strong, who had managed to get somewhat in advance of the other two, climbed the ascent first; and had no sooner gained the crest than he uttered a loud 'By Jove! What have we here?'

His companions quickly joined him. Before them lay a rude-looking dilapidated grave, surrounded by a low wall of loose stones; a few paces from it grew a sturdy tree, on the branches of which hung some dirty discoloured rags. It was an Afghan *ziyarat* or shrine; but it had such a desolate and uncared-for appearance, that it seemed as though the place had lost its sanctity, and fallen into disrepute.

'Probably the tomb of some Mohammedan fakir or devotee,' said Farmer inquiringly.

'I rather doubt the ability of the Afghan race to produce such a crop of holy men,' returned Strong scornfully. 'I believe nearly every eminence in the country is disfigured by an eyesore of this description.'

'Very likely you are right,' said Henderson; 'for these *ziyārats* are often arbitrarily erected by priests and fakirs for purposes of gain; and it is an even chance that no one lies buried here.—In any case, Farmer, I shall not let it interfere with our plans, if you consider the site a suitable one.'

'It will do capitally,' answered the surgeon. 'There will be just room enough on the crest for our bungalow; and the garden and out-houses can be terraced a little lower down along the slope.'

The matter being thus definitely settled, the officers turned their steps in the direction of their mess-house, not a little gratified at having been so successful in their search.

The following day, accompanied by a couple of natives—a contractor and his assistant—Henderson and Strong proceeded to the spot they had selected, and were busy discussing in detail the plan of the house they proposed erecting, when the Afghan already spoken of came swiftly up the ascent, and without a pause or the slightest attempt at salutation, rudely addressed them: 'Sirs [*Sāhiban*],' he exclaimed, 'is what I hear true, that you intend building on this mound?' His voice shook; his whole manner was tremulous with excitement.

For a second or two, the officers stared in surprise at the man who had so abruptly interrupted their conversation; and indeed he was a remarkable-looking individual. Quite six feet in height he was, as gaunt as a skeleton; his face was long, with almost fleshless cheeks and jaws; the nose large and hawk-like; the eyes were small, deep-sunken, and fiery, their brightness being fed by an inward flame, that at times only flickered, but at others burned fiercely enough.

Captain Henderson answered the question in a quiet but stern tone: 'Yes; it is perfectly true.—But what do you mean by this uncalled-for intrusion? Who are you?'

'I am Mobārak Shah, priest [*mollah*] and fakir,' was the reply. 'This *ziyarat* is one of the most venerated in the country; it is the tomb of a celebrated saint, and in my charge. Are you going to desecrate it?'

'May I ask why you keep "the most venerated shrine in the country" in this vilely neglected condition?' said Strong, pointing contemptuously to the ruined grave. 'It looks as if it had been abandoned for years.'

'Understand clearly, fakir,' said Henderson, 'what we have determined to do, we shall certainly carry out; but the bones of your saint shall rest in peace; there will be no digging round this little patch; it will merely be levelled and made neat. Now, you'd better go.'

But the Mohammedan was both urgent and importunate. 'Choose some other site, sirs. Don't outrage the holy place, I beseech you, or evil will come of it—evil to you all.' He spoke earnestly, warningly, and hung about in their vicinity till they quitted the knoll.

A week and more went by, and preparations for building the house were being rapidly pushed

forward. Meanwhile, their rencontre with the fakir had been well nigh forgotten by the young cavalymen, and they expected no further annoyance from him; but in truth, had they been aware of the intense and superstitious reverence in which the Afghans hold their *siyarat*, they would scarcely have been so easy in their minds. A well-known authority on this subject says: 'The fear, love, and veneration with which these shrines are regarded by the mass of the people, is really astonishing, and much greater, I believe, than anything of the kind among other Mohammedan nations; here the *siyarat* holds a higher place even than the leading precepts inculcated by the Koran.' It will not, therefore, be a matter for surprise that the Afghan should have resolved to make a second and still more forcible appeal to the Englishmen's sense of justice; and if that failed, then to pour out on the impious unbelievers—as he considered them—the bitter phials of his wrath. He had not to wait long for his opportunity. One afternoon, the three friends met on the mound, and were inspecting the progress of the work. The foundations of the bungalow had been dug; but as yet the grave remained untouched, when the fakir was seen approaching with a train of followers behind him. He wore the usual loose Afghan dress of an ash-gray colour, and a Pathan skull-cap; but there was a cleaner, more wholesome look about him, as if he had prepared himself specially for a great occasion. With long uneven steps he stalked up the hillock, and at once addressed himself to Dr Farmer, who happened to be nearest. 'Sir, persuade your friends to stop this sacrilegious work; it is horrible thus to desecrate the tomb of a holy man.' His tone was loud and harsh, and naturally it vexed the surgeon.

'Be off with you!' he exclaimed, motioning him away with his hand.

'It is my right to be here,' cried the Afghan passionately; 'this place is even as my home to me. You are the interlopers; it is your footsteps that defile and dishonour this sacred shrine. Sirs, build your house elsewhere, or your punishment will be sure and speedy.'

'Now, fakir,' said Henderson angrily, 'I'll give you half a minute to take yourself off in; if you are not gone then, my servants shall forcibly remove you.'

At this threat, the man's whole face became convulsed, his eyes gleamed, and his sharp tones cut the air like a sword, as he replied: 'I will go; but first, in the name of my saint, I curse you three! Age shall never whiten your beards; in the full prime of your manhood, you will perish violently, suddenly. Within five years'—here his voice rose to a shriek, and he held aloft with the fingers outspread a hand like the talons of an eagle—'within five years it is written your names shall be numbered with the dead.' Then there was a slight movement in the crowd, and he was gone.

The fakir's manner had been strangely impressive—full, apparently, of a profound conviction that every syllable he uttered was inspired, and would assuredly come to pass. For the moment, its effect on all was palpable, and no one spoke.

'Bah!' said Strong, at length breaking the silence; 'such maledictions are enough to dum-

found anybody. There's something uncanny about that old man. Do you think he is demented?'

'He may be,' answered Henderson; 'but I shouldn't care for that, if there be no "method in his madness," and if he do not employ the Afghan knife as an active ally for the fulfilment of his ghastly predictions.'

From which it was clear that at least a grain of anxiety lurked in the hearts of the speakers.

Ten months had passed since the above scene was enacted. A pretty little bungalow now stood on the summit of the hillock; and the same sturdy tree—no longer, however, disfigured by unsightly rags—threw a pleasant shade in front of the building. But did the murmur of its leaves carry no echo of the terrible malediction that had so startled them, to the ears of the Englishmen? It was difficult to say. The three friends had now been in residence for some months, and were well satisfied, apparently, with the place. From the crazy old fakir they had received no further molestation; indeed, a hundred other objects had since engaged their attention. At the present moment, Nowshera was all agog on account of a great polo-match that was to take place the next day at Peshawur. The sides were Infantry versus Cavalry; and the little station's champion player, Captain Henderson, was one of the chosen few who were to do battle against the linesmen.

The eventful morrow arrived; the ground and goals were duly marked out; and all the beauty and fashion of Peshawur and, of course, of Nowshera turned out to witness the match. A gay crowd in carriages, on foot and horseback, thronged the boundary-lines. Meanwhile, the game proceeded with varying fortune; though it was clear to the experienced eye that it was as much as the horse-soldiers could do to hold their own against the antagonists. Suddenly, some one struck the ball with great vigour, and away it went spinning along the turf. Two men, opponents, singled themselves out from the players, and galloped full speed after it. Somehow—it is impossible to say exactly how—they came into violent collision, and riders and ponies were thrown headlong to the ground. The linesman, with an exclamation of disgust at his discomfiture, freed himself from his animal, and stood up, seemingly unhurt. The other player lay still. Soon two or three of the by-standers rushed forward and raised the fallen man; but he was dead—he had broken his neck. It was Captain Henderson.

Was the anathema working? Had the next few years as terrible a fate in store for the two young fellows that still survived? Possibly, thoughts like these may have thrilled the hearts of the occupants of the bungalow on the hillock, when they came to realise fully the catastrophe that had taken place.

A year later, a party of officers were out deer-hawking in the neighbourhood of Nowshera. [The sport of deer-hawking is a unique one, and pursued, so far as I know, nowhere out of Afghanistan and the Peshawur Valley. Of

course the hawks only act as auxiliaries to the hounds; still, without them the latter would never be able to run into their game; for the *chikara* or ravine-deer is exceedingly swift of foot and wary; and even though harassed by the falcons, it often gives its pursuers the go-by.] The hunt was in full swing; in the distance was a beautiful little antelope, bounding onwards, flying for dear life; above his head hovered a couple of magnificent hawks; suddenly, with a swift swoop, one of them descended and struck the animal hard on the side of the head with its wings, but did not otherwise injure him. The antelope slackened his pace for an instant at this unexpected assault, but recovering himself, went on faster than ever; when the second hawk stooped and dealt him a similar cuff on the other side. Manœuvring thus alternately and skilfully, they continued buffeting the poor animal, and impeded him very materially in his flight. Some two hundred yards in rear were the hounds, straining every muscle in the endeavour to reach their quarry; while last of all came the hunters, eager and impetuous, thrilling with the excitement of the chase, and urging on their horses till the pace was fast and furious. All at once, the horse of the foremost rider—a big powerful chestnut—put its foot into a treacherous rat-hole, and shot forward with terrific force on to its head, then rolled heavily over, with its luckless rider crumpled up underneath. The other men pulled up, for the fall seemed a serious one; and the white face, just visible clear of the saddle, had the pallor of death stamped on it. The ill-fated hunter was extricated and carried home. Three of his ribs were broken, and he had sustained other grievous internal injuries. A few days afterwards he died in great suffering. The name of this second victim was Robert Strong.

Not long after the above tragical occurrence, Dr Farmer fell ill, and was ordered to England by a Medical Board. From Nowshera he came to Attock, intending to rest a few days before continuing his journey; but here, notwithstanding that he was kindly and skilfully treated by the Civil surgeon of the station, he rapidly became worse. At one time, his life even was despaired of; but the poor man was not destined to die in his bed. He rallied; and by easy stages at last reached Bombay, and thence shipped for England.

In a couple of years he returned to India completely restored to health. In the meantime his regiment had moved down country to Allahabad, and it was there he joined it. One afternoon he was out boating on the river Ganges with a friend, when, by some untoward accident, the boat upset; both the men, however, were good swimmers, and struck out vigorously for the shore. As they were nearing the bank, his companion cast a glance in Farmer's direction, and saw he was swimming strongly and well. Presently, the former touched the bottom within his depth, and looked round again for his friend; but, to his utter amazement, Farmer had vanished! It would appear that the unfortunate surgeon had been seized with cramp, and sinking suddenly, had been caught in the race of some treacherous under-current, and swept down stream. His body, I believe, was never recovered.

Thus was the curse literally fulfilled. The three officers had perished in the prime of manhood, in the fullness of their strength, with appalling suddenness, and all within the short space of five years. But the narrative is not yet complete; its finale is as startling as the portion that has preceded it, and for this we must once again go back to Nowshera.

Shortly after Dr Farmer lost his life, the stream of the Caubul River became very much swollen, owing to heavy rains in the highlands of Afghanistan—in fact it was in a state of flood. Just then, strange to say, the Indus came down a vast raging torrent from the mountains, and in such stupendous volume that it speedily rose forty feet and more above its ordinary level. Now, the Caubul River flows into the latter very nearly at right angles opposite the fort at Attock; but with such amazing velocity did the stream of the Indus run, that it dammed up, so to speak, the waters of its tributary, which in its turn rose higher and higher, and soon overflowed its banks. The lower parts of Nowshera were inundated; but the flood still grew till it became the greatest within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The waters crept up the fakir's knoll, and whirled and eddied round the obnoxious bungalow, undermining its foundations; the roof fell in; the walls tumbled down; the house became a total wreck; and it remains a tenantless ruin to this day.

EARTHQUAKES.

THE phenomena of earthquakes have for many centuries been a subject of special observation by the students of natural science; yet it must be admitted that, after all, little that is definite and indisputable has been ascertained regarding what has ever been the dark side of the question, namely, the cause or causes of these phenomena. Humboldt, in the course of his extensive and valuable observations, made earthquakes the subject of special study; and in more recent times Mr Poulet Scrope, Mr Judd, and others, have been equally observant and painstaking in this mysterious department of natural phenomena. The theories that have been suggested to account for these extraordinary and frequently destructive manifestations of natural power, are as various as they have often been contradictory; but it is open for us to hope that the ever-widening knowledge of natural laws due to the increased and more systematic study of geology and its cognate sciences, may in course of time lay bare to us the causes of some of those phenomena that are still so much involved in obscurity. In the present article it is not intended to enter into the various speculations that have been current as to the nature and causes of these phenomena, but rather to take a survey of certain of their manifestations as exhibited in some of the more remarkable of recent earthquakes.

The British Islands enjoy an almost complete immunity from this terrible scourge; and but for the existence of a few hot springs here and there, we should have no reminder of the 'central heat' which has long been associated—though now there is reason to think, erroneously—with the interior of the globe. A few faint tremblings, the last dying thrill of some distant convulsion, have

occasionally been experienced in Britain, more especially in Scotland. The neighbourhood of Comrie in Perthshire has frequently been visited by slight shocks, generally very trifling, and lasting but a few seconds. In the month of November 1879, a smart shock was felt at Inveraray; and the Duke of Argyll sent a short account of it to the public prints, stating the fact, perhaps not universally known, that solid buildings are more seriously affected by earthquakes than those of slighter construction; the reason being obvious, that the slight edifice *gives* under the pressure of the shock, while the strongly built one resists with a force that too often insures its destruction. In the interior of Inveraray Castle, a peculiarly massive building, the effect was as if the windows were being crashed in, though the shock was not at all severe, and did not last above ten or twelve seconds. The unsteady movement of the floor was sufficient to produce a sensation of sickness; and a little dog in one room showed evident signs of fear, and whined piteously. Animals undoubtedly share largely in the dread invariably inspired by the presence of this mysterious force of Nature; horses tremble in every limb, and show signs of the most abject fear; cattle and sheep tear wildly about, lowing and bleating continuously; the crocodiles of the Orinoco have been known to leave the river during the shocks of an earthquake, and make for the nearest woods.

The sensation of feeling the ground unsteady beneath the feet, is described by all who have experienced it as the most appalling thing in Nature, calculated to produce an extreme of panic even in those least liable to nervous excitement. Sometimes little else is felt than a tremor or slight motion of the surface, without producing any injury; while in severe earthquakes the almost invariable sequence of phenomena is first a series of tremulous vibrations of the earth, then a severe shock or a succession of shocks, followed by a recurrence of the tremulous vibrations, which gradually decline in intensity till they become inapparent. The violent shocks are instantaneous, and very few in number; sometimes only one, usually not more than three or four. In the intervals between these, smaller shocks or tremblings take place. The severe shocks do the mischief. Earthquakes occur, even of the greatest violence, which are unaccompanied by any sound whatever; but subterranean noise of some kind or other almost invariably accompanies a severe shock. Sometimes the sound is like the rumbling of carriages, growing gradually louder, until it equals the loudest artillery; or like heavy wagons rumbling along a road; or distant thunder; or the rushing of wind underground; and sometimes the sound is a combination of all these, with others added still more appalling and indescribable. As nobody can tell how long the convulsion may last, or how severe it may be, people are generally in too terrified a condition to give discriminating attention to the various abnormal features of the disturbance. But a very graphic and interesting account of the worst of the almost incessant shocks that befell the city of Agram in Croatia a year or two ago, was published in one of the Viennese journals, and reproduced in the *Daily Telegraph*, from which we copy some highly descriptive passages. The writer says:

'It was about midnight, and everything was profoundly still. Suddenly my ears were greeted with an outburst of dismal barks and piteous howls, emanating at first from dogs in the neighbouring courtyards, and then taken up by others some distance off. At the same moment, it seemed to me as if a giant foot stamped twice upon the flooring of my room, hard behind me, with such tremendous force that the whole apartment groaned, and its four walls wavered, giving forth a sharp, crackling sound. It was a thrilling moment; but ere I drew in my head to cast a terrified glance round my room, I noticed that the long street seemed to undulate with a wave-like convulsion, and observed a thin cloud of dust rising from the roofs and glimmering in the moonlight. Sparrows twittered in a fright; and pigeons, loudly flapping their wings, flew straight upwards in great numbers. One could hear inside the wrecked houses the frightful yells of cats, and loud cock-crowings resounded from every yard in the neighbourhood. The air became filled with an evil stench. The whole house in which I was lodging shook. In a very few minutes, I began to hear the creaking of door-keys hastily turned in the locks of the adjacent house-portals, which were soon flying open one after another to give egress to panic-stricken throngs of shrieking men, women, and children in their night-clothes. These ghostly-looking crowds poured out of all the houses, and hurried along the streets towards the chief squares and open places. In a few seconds the Illica was filled with white spectral figures. It was a ghastly, weird spectacle. I went out, in order to see what was taking place in the town. The earth continued to tremble slightly. Suddenly, a second shock took place, not so violent as the first, but strong enough to aggravate the terrible panic of the population. In every direction, I could see people wildly running along, dimly visible through the black shadows of the narrow streets; but conspicuous, owing to the whiteness of their night-dresses. Everybody kept to the middle of the roadway, and crouched as they ran. On the Zring Platz, which is laid out as an ornamental garden, children were lying huddled together on the damp sward as close as herrings in a barrel, pitifully whimpering; whilst their mothers stood near, not knowing what to do for their little ones, and sobbing aloud from sheer despair. Meanwhile, the ground continued trembling without cessation; slates and rubbish streamed down uninterruptedly from the house-roofs. Ever and anon, a fresh shock caused us to stagger like drunken men; and after each successive shock, all the cocks crowed lustily in endless varieties of pitch. At about four o'clock A.M. was heard a terrible sound, like a long-drawn subterranean growl, followed by frightful thumps, quiverings, and oscillations, which lasted for seven seconds. Nothing more awful could be imagined. Women uttered unearthly screeches, and fell flat down on the ground in convulsions. The men rushed frantically into the midst of the roadways. Chimney-pots crashed down, tiles rattled off the roofs, dust-clouds filled the air, sparrows innumerable flew piping about, dogs howled. In the profound silence that succeeded the throes of this last shock, all the terrified cocks suddenly set up their crowing again. Then the moon sank in darkness, and all was over until day-break of that fearsome morning.'

Such a description as this enables the reader in some degree to realise the horrors of those appalling visitations, a succession of which, continuing with short intervals for more than a year, have reduced a handsome and flourishing city to a condition little short of ruin. Fortunately, those very destructive earthquakes are of rare occurrence, in Europe at least; tropical countries are at all times liable to them; although, with the exception of the terrible calamity which befell the city of Manilla in July 1880, there has been no earthquake of great magnitude for a considerable period, and not one during this century that can be named beside the awful convulsions of Nature that destroyed so many thousands of human beings in the latter half of last century. In the great earthquake of Lisbon, in the year 1755, it was calculated that sixty thousand people perished; and about the same number were destroyed by a terrible earthquake in Calabria in 1793. In the year 1797, at Riobamba in Ecuador, a similar catastrophe proved fatal to about forty thousand persons in a very short space of time; and this earthquake was notable as being one of the few that have been unaccompanied by any noise or subterranean warning whatever. Its motion was rotatory as well as vertical—a peculiarly dangerous form; and numerous great fissures opened in every direction, swallowing vast numbers of people; these fissures in some places opened and closed so rapidly, that various persons saved themselves by extending their arms, some being actually buried all but their heads. Parts of a mule-train were swallowed up, while the remainder escaped; and many houses sank so gently into the ground, that neither their inhabitants nor their contents were injured; and after being thus buried for a day or two, the people were rescued from their imprisonment without having suffered any injury beyond natural alarm. It is computed that earthquakes have proved fatal to above thirteen millions of the human race; while the amount of property destroyed is beyond all calculation.

On the night of the 28th October 1746, a shock of earthquake lasting nearly four minutes, reduced the fine city of Lima, containing upwards of seventy churches, besides many other magnificent public buildings, to a condition of deplorable ruin; though, fortunately, the loss of life was moderate, considering the magnitude of the disaster, only from twelve to fifteen hundred people having perished. The first severe shock was rapidly succeeded by others, which continued during the whole night, reducing the inhabitants to an extremity of terror, that was raised to the highest pitch by the mournful tidings that Callao, the port of Lima, had also been destroyed by the earthquake. The unfortunate port had, however, suffered still more fatally; for the violence of the convulsion had no sooner abated, than the sea began to swell, and rose to an enormous height, dashing fiercely onwards, and carrying all before it, till it had completely overwhelmed the town and its inhabitants, of whom more than five thousand were instantly drowned. Some few were saved by clinging to planks and other floating objects; but the great mass of the population perished, and the fine port itself was utterly wrecked, with all the vessels in the harbour, many of which were carried far inland by the

impetuosity of the cataract of waters, and left there high and dry.

A quaint and graphic account of an earthquake that occurred in Jamaica in June 1692, by which the town of Port Royal was severely injured, and which indeed devastated the whole island, was given by a clergyman then resident in the place, an eye-witness of the scenes he describes. In it he says:

‘On Wednesday the 7th of June, I had been at church reading prayers, which I did every day since I was Rector of Port Royal, to keep up some show of religion among a most ungodly debauched people; and was gone to a place hard by the church, where the merchants used to meet, and where the President of the Council was, who acts now in chief till we have a new governor. This gentleman came into my company, and engaged me to take a glass of wormwood wine with him, as a whet before dinner. He being my very great friend, I staid with him. Hereupon he lighted a pipe of tobacco, which he was pretty long a-taking; and not being willing to leave him before it was out, this detained me from going to dinner to one Captain Rudeni, where I was to dine; whose house upon the first concussion sunk into the earth, and then into the sea, with his wife and family, and some who were come to dine with him. Had I been there, I had been lost. But to return to the President and his pipe of tobacco. Before that was out, I found the ground rowling and moving under my feet, upon which I said: “Lord, sir, what’s this?” He replied very composedly, being a very grave man: “It is an earthquake. Be not afraid—it will soon be over.” But it increased, and we heard the church and tower fall; upon which, we ran to save ourselves. I quickly lost him, and made towards Morgan’s Fort, which being a wide open place, I thought to be there securest from the falling houses. But, as I made toward it, I saw the earth open and swallow up a multitude of people, and the sea mounting high in upon us over the fortifications. I then laid aside all thoughts of escaping, and resolved to make toward my own lodging, there to meet death in as good a posture as I could. The houses and walls fell on each side of me; but when I came to my lodging, I found there all things in the same order I left them; not a picture, of which there were several fair ones in my chamber, being out of its place. I went to the balcony to view the street in which our house stood; and the people seeing me, cried out to me to come and pray with them. I prayed with them near an hour, when I was almost spent with the heat of the sun and the exercise. They then brought me a chair; the earth working all the while with new motions and tremblings, like the rowlings of the sea; insomuch that sometimes when I was at prayer, I could hardly keep myself upon my knees.

‘Some merchants of the place then came and desired me to go aboard some ship in the harbour, and refresh myself, telling me they had gotten a boat to carry me off. I found the sea had entirely swallowed up the wharf, with all the good houses upon it—most of them as fine as those in Cheapside—and two entire streets beyond that. I got first into a canoe, and then into a long-boat, which put me on board a ship called the *Siam Merchant*, where I found the President safe, who was over-

joyed to see me. I continued there that night; but could not sleep for the returns of the earthquake almost every hour, which made all the guns in the ship to jar and rattle. As soon as night came on, a company of lewd rogues, whom they call privateers, fell to breaking open warehouses and houses deserted, to rob and rifle their neighbours, whilst the earth trembled under them, and the houses fell on some of them in the act. Ever since that fatal day, the most terrible that ever I saw in my life, I have lived on board a ship, for the shakings of the earth return every now and then. Yesterday, we had a very great one, but it seems less terrible on shipboard than on shore. It is a sad sight to see all this harbour, one of the fairest and goodliest I ever saw, covered with the dead bodies of people of all conditions, floating up and down without burial; for our great and famous burial-place, called the Palisadoes, was destroyed by the earthquake; which dashing to pieces the tombs, whereof there were hundreds in that place, the sea washed the carcasses of those who had been buried, out of their graves. Multitudes of rich men are utterly ruined; whilst many, who were poor, by watching opportunities, and searching the wrecked and sunk houses (even almost while the earthquake lasted, and terror was upon all the considerable people), have gotten great riches. Whole streets, with inhabitants, were swallowed up by the opening earth, which then shutting upon them, squeezed the people to death. And in this manner several are left buried with their heads above ground; only some heads the dogs have eaten. Others are covered with dust and earth. The day when all this befell us was very clear, and afforded not the suspicion of the least evil; but in the space of three minutes, Port Royal, the fairest town of all the English Plantations, the best emporium and mart of this part of the world, was shaken and shattered to pieces, sunk into and covered, for the greater part, by the sea; and we guess that there are lost fifteen hundred persons, and many of them of good note.

'I came on board this ship to return home; but the people are so importunate with me to stay, that I know not what to say to them. I must undergo great hardships if I continue here, the country being broken all to pieces, and dissettled. I must live now in a hut, eat yams and plantains for bread, which I could never endure; drink rum-punch and water, which were never pleasing to me. But if I should leave them now, it would look very unnatural to do it in their distress; so that I am resolved to continue with them a year longer. They are going all in haste to build a new town.'

CURIOUS INSTANCES OF MENTAL PRESCIENCE.

THERE are many instances, more or less authenticated, of that peculiar mental prescience which seems to foretell events yet in the future, or as then happening, but unknown to be so to the person who is affected by such impressions. As illustrations of this peculiarity of mind and its impressions on the nervous system, the following incidents are related, as happening in the family of the narrator; and there are doubtless many

of a similar character, and possibly much more singular, to be found, were those who happen to be cognisant of them to give them publicity.

Many years ago, there was a lady who had a most intense dislike to cats, so much so, that were there one in the room when she entered, she would be obliged to leave immediately, such an effect had it upon her nervous system. On one occasion, she was invited to dine with the narrator's family in the country; but she declined, because she knew that there were cats on the premises; but on the promise that the cats should be strictly incarcerated, she consented to come; and the three cats belonging to the house were duly shut up. During the dinner, she was seen to be very uncomfortable, and to look very pale; and on being asked the matter, she said that she was sure there was a cat in the room. Assurances that this could not possibly be the case, were of no avail; and on search being made, a cat was found actually sitting under her chair. She rose immediately, and left the table; and passing down the dining-room towards the door, she also passed across a small cupboard door opening in the wall, through which the dinner was served directly from the kitchen. As she passed this, the second cat of the establishment jumped through it into the dining-room. A scream of horror burst from the poor lady, and she was led away fainting into the drawing-room. The time of year was such that the window of the drawing-room was open, and it was so made that it reached nearly down to the floor, and not much above the lawn outside the house. While the poor lady was being attended to by aid of scent-bottles and such-like restoratives, the third of the cat establishment jumped in at the window! This was too much to be borne by such a peculiarly constituted nervous system, and she begged to leave the house immediately.

In 1851, as I was walking down the centre of the Great Exhibition, carelessly looking about me, I was struck with a sudden thought as to whether I should meet a clergyman there with whom I had lived some ten years before, and had not seen for many years, and so far as I remember, had hardly thought of since. Pondering on so strange a turn to my thoughts, I suddenly turned round and retraced my steps; and before I had gone thirty yards, I met face to face the very gentleman whom I had but just contemplated the possibility of meeting.

Another and a different sort of mental prescience occurred a few years since. I was dressing one morning, when I suddenly thought: What became of my brother's old signet-ring that I used to wear? (This brother had died some thirty years before.) I began to think over it; but found I had lost all recollection of its fate, and it passed from my mind. About five or six days afterwards, my niece came to stay with me. She had come from my old home, some twenty miles distant, where I had been born, and she said she had brought over

a ring for me, as my sisters thought it must belong to me, and that it had been found by one of the gardeners in the mould in the garden. And by inquiry I found that it had been picked up *on the very morning* that I had thought of it when I was dressing. Here, then, was the long-lost ring, and these various circumstances connecting themselves together; and I then remembered that I had lost the ring in that very spot in the garden belonging to my old home where it had been found; and being a signet-ring, and useful for sealing letters with, I had bought another to supply its place. On referring to my old accounts, I further found that this newer signet-ring had been purchased nearly twenty years before, so that the lost ring had been lying in the garden mould some twenty years before it was recovered in the vicinity of the spot where I had lost it.

Another prescience of what was occurring at a distant place occurred also to me a few years since. In early life I had become acquainted with the daughter of a merchant of a good old Scotch family—an acquaintance which ripened into an attachment. In course of time great losses were sustained by the merchant, and he was ruined; but this alteration of worldly position only drew the bonds of our affection closer together. Many trying circumstances occurred subsequently; the young lady formed undesirable companionships in the musical profession which she had chosen for a livelihood, which led a naturally romantic mind far astray from her former sober-minded decorum and ladylike propriety; and after continuous but vain attempts to arrest her heedless course, until as a faithful monitor I became perhaps even irksome to her, all further intercourse and friendship were broken off, though not before she was led to act towards me with a cruel ingratitude, caused by that which was her greatest snare—the love of admiration. Nothing more was heard about her, and I quite lost sight of her.

About eighteen years had passed away, and though I had now been married for a considerable period, and was settled in the country, I became impressed with a feeling that I should again hear from my old and once loved friend of former years. This impression continued on my mind for a period of some six months; and though no intelligence of the kind had ever reached me, I was further impressed with the sense that she was now married, and that too beneath her own proper station in life, and that she was in great want from pecuniary trouble, so much so in fact, that although I should be the very last person for her to apply to in the world for assistance, yet she would be obliged to do so.

One morning I received a letter in a handwriting that I thought I recognised but had not seen for many years, but the name attached to the letter was quite unknown to me. It ran as follows:

September, 186—.

DEAR SIR—So many years have passed away

since I wrote to you, and so painful are the circumstances under which I now write, that I scarcely know how to address you. Is it not strange that in the darkest hour of my life I turn to you for aid? but not for myself—it is for my children's sake that I am about to ask for assistance. Will you believe that only a frightful necessity has forced this upon me, that I am penniless, and my children almost wanting bread, and I am still weak from recent illness, requiring nourishment I cannot procure? My husband, after a series of misfortunes, has been made bankrupt, and since that time we have undergone much misery. . . . You will say that either yourself, or any member of your family, are the last persons that I should hope would help me, even from the horrors of utter ruin. I know this is true, but I recall your mother's grand and noble charity which knew no difference when sorrow claimed her aid, and thus I have dared to hope that even I may receive help for my children. . . . I must beg you to believe that I am conscious of deserving *nothing* at your hands; but I hope that my conduct to yourself—cruel, and ungrateful as it was, still worse, false and treacherous as it seemed—will be forgiven, for I have been punished by 'Him' who can punish severely; and perhaps this discipline was necessary to root out the miserable vanity and self-sufficient spirit, that were my besetting sins in youth, &c.

Such were the tone and admissions in the letter. Her marriage was the cause of my not recognising her signature, it bearing her husband's name. On inquiry, however, I ascertained that the writer was none other than the unfortunate friend of my youth; and a subsequent visit to her home revealed to me the wreck that misery and misfortune had wrought. A saddening, melancholy sight, of one highly gifted by nature with intellectual power. I need hardly add that the required aid was granted.

What could have thus led my mind to picture facts that I had no cognisance of and yet that were perfectly true in every respect? Is there not a *rapproch* of spirit difficult to account for in these cases?

BARTOLOZZI.

IN 1727, a goldsmith and worker in filigree in Florence had a son born to him whom he called Francesco Bartolozzi. The father naturally intended his son for his own business; but as the boy grew up, he evinced a great delight in copying any prints that might come in his way, and his father observing this, wisely resolved to encourage the lad's inclinations. At the early age of nine the boy was already using the graver, and in his tenth year he produced two engravings of heads—impressions of which, although very scarce, still exist—showing in a remarkable degree his wonderfully precocious, though as yet undeveloped powers. In his fifteenth year, the lad was sent to the Florentine Academy, where he remained for three years, after which time he was apprenticed for six years to a well-known histor-

ical engraver, Joseph Wagner, at Venice. Here his genius began to expand and develop, Bartolozzi spending much of his spare time in drawing, sketching, and even oil-painting; but the graver was his most powerful means of giving expression to the art-faculty within him. In 1764, when at the age of thirty-seven, he was induced to come to England, where he was appointed Engraver to the King, being at the same time engaged by Dalton, the king's librarian, to do work for him at a salary of three hundred pounds a year.

Bartolozzi remained in England till his seventy-fifth year, during which period he engraved an enormous number of plates, and gradually rose to a leading position among the artists of his time. In 1802, he received an invitation from the Regent of Portugal to settle at Lisbon as superintendent of a school of engravers; and there he died in 1815, aged eighty-eight. His expectations of pecuniary success in Lisbon do not seem to have been realised, and his later years were spent, if not in poverty, yet without those surroundings of comfort and competence which a life of hard work, such as his had been, might naturally be supposed to merit.

The life and works of Bartolozzi have now been prominently brought before the world in two splendid quarto volumes from the pen of Mr Andrew W. Tuer, of the firm of Field and Tuer, the well-known printers and publishers of Leadenhall Street, London. The work is printed in that antique style for which the firm with which the author is connected has long been honourably distinguished, and forms two of the most sumptuous volumes which a book-lover could desire. A number of fine plates are included, affording specimens of the style of stippled engraving so popular in Bartolozzi's time, and which are here printed in the peculiar red or brown ink which was then used in their production. The work likewise contains a very complete list of upwards of two thousand examples of Bartolozzi's engravings, with prices, past and present, &c., such as cannot fail to be of much utility to connoisseurs in this branch of art, and to collectors of prints.

The author has also devoted several chapters to the art of engraving, its various styles, and the mode of their execution. In this connection he gives some useful hints as to the malpractices of some dealers in prints, and the means they take to pass counterfeits of high-class engravings upon the world. There are various ways in which these deceptions are practised. For instance, an 'unlettered India proof,' as it is technically called, is, from being taken off the engraving at an earlier stage, very much superior to what is called a 'lettered India print,' which is obtained after many impressions have been taken off the engraving, and when the plate has consequently become worn, and the picture lost its clearness and sharpness of line. To turn an 'India print,' therefore, into an 'India proof,' the India print is cut down all round close to the engraving. A clean sheet of India paper, of the same tone as the India print, but of a larger size, so as to show a clean blank margin, is then mounted on a piece of still larger plain paper, and the

cut-down India print in turn is mounted in such a position as to show the usual margin all round. Before drying, the manipulated print is subjected to immense pressure, which so forces the mounted print into the India paper, as to entirely hide the difference in the thickness of the material. A true impression taken off a plate leaves the mark of the plate all round the picture; and to add this to the 'doctored' India proof, a plain steel or copper plate of the proper size is laid on the face of the print, which is again subjected to pressure, and the deception is then so complete as almost to baffle detection. The author mentions that he once saw a volume belonging to a collector which was supposed to contain India paper impressions of engravings to the value of three hundred pounds; but on examination they were found to be 'doctored' plates, not worth thirty pounds in all. The various hints given by Mr Tuer in regard to print-restoring, inlaying, splitting, and cleaning prints, ought to place collectors more than ever on their guard against specious deceptions.

MY VALENTINE.

Oh, lovely Earth! awake to welcome her,
And spread a flow'ry path beneath her feet;
Let new-born Spring in beauty re-appear,
And kiss her temples with its odours sweet.
Clothe all thy banks with moss, that she may rest;
Wreath in rich foliage each protecting tree;
Twine rosy garlands o'er her lily breast,
And scatter sunbeams on the verdant lea.
Birds of the sylvan grove, sing sweet and low,
Yet hush to hear her answering voice divine;
Ye balmy Winds, your melody bestow,
In praise of her, my own, my Valentine!

Your brightest rays, ye Stars of evening, shed,
And gild her home with your enchanting beams;
With silv'ry splendour wreath her slumbering head,
And smile, ye Planets, on her peaceful dreams;
Then come, blest Spirits, hold your watch around,
Guard with your presence one of all most dear;
Draw near and shield the consecrated ground
Where lovely innocence is sleeping near.
So earth and sky, with all their glittering host,
In jealous care shall still their powers combine,
While I alone, who fain would offer most,
Have nought but love to give my Valentine!

ALFRED H. POULTNEY.

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- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. To insure return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
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